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by one girl. The answer, 'Venus had him dream all that Cupid did', came from another.

The reading of a passage from Dryden, Cranch, or Conington has often brought out from students the complacent remark that they can see more in the Latin than even their betters can express in English.

The reading of Dr. Holmes's First Verses, a rhymed translation of Aeneid 1.124-156, rarely fails to produce a reaction in kind.

Historical parallels are readily found. The ironical *Ithacus* of Sinon always suggests the 'Corsican'; and Cicero's remark (Manilian Law IX) about the sympathy of kings for kings recalls Louis XIV.

Of all reactions, the most free and eager is the ethical. 'Nothing human is foreign' to youth. The interest in the boy Ascanius is as vivid as is the interest in the boy Richard Carvel. When, in the hunt, the young prince scorns the deer and mountain goats, *inertia pecora*, and prays for a foaming wild boar or a real lion, one girl appreciatively remarks, 'Pretty ambitious for a small boy', and another rejoins, 'Just like a small boy'.

The pleasure in the unfolding of the character of the spy-patriot, Sinon, is acute.

Aeneas, as the paternal and easy-going master of sports, is not quite approved; in the matter of the foot-race, the question, 'What would you have done about the foul?', brings various answers. Some would have had it run again with Nisus barred.

Dido is generally first accused of mercenary motives, and then acquitted. These humanistic critics simply will not have the second person *dederis* in Aeneid 4.436.

The 'meddlesomeness' of the gods is generally resented. The difficulty of passing judgment upon a hero who is *fato actus* is, to some extent, recognized by boys and girls.

Artistic reactions to the Classics have been known from the time of the Pompeian school-boy. It was a Baltimore school-girl, who, to the familiar text-book cut, in which Aeneas leads Ascanius and carries Anchises, added, on the other shoulder, Creusa, with the legend, 'As it should have been'.

Latin composition books of thirty years ago were not enlivened by illustrations. Last year, a class was illustrating by series of pictures the stories they read. *Deus iuxta flumen sedet*, they read; and there he sits on a rock with feet dangling.

In a book bound in the art department of the School, two Vergil classes attempted about a dozen illustrations of Aeneid 1-6. Among the subjects were The Safe Harbor (1. 159-169), Celaeno's Prophecy and its Fulfillment, The Boat Race, Polyphemus, Scylla and Charybdis, Minerva, The Death of Dido. Most were original compositions and were done in ink, crayon, or water-colors.

But, of all forms of reaction to the spirit of the Classics, the dramatic is, perhaps, the most delightful and not the least valuable. It is the most natural response to the human interest.

In a High School class, the dramatic scene, beginning *Refer, inquis, ad senatum*, had been translated with obvious lack of appreciation. 'Lay down your book', said the teacher, 'and act the scene'. The idea was too new—the girl neither acted nor reacted; but another arose, selected a Catiline, and addressed the class as Senate. The lines were at that time spoken in English, but the incident led to a dramatization in Latin, presented as a class exercise and without costumes, yet thoroughly enjoyed.

The next year, The Hearing of the Conspirators was dramatized by a committee of the class, again without costume. The time was well spent; at least, no member of these two classes ever asked the perennial question, 'How many days did it take Cicero to deliver this oration?'

From the time when Pliny wrote to his friend Tacitus asking him to find a Latin teacher for the school at Como, Latin has been a dead language—in some Schools. To-day, it is more alive than in the time when all men spoke well of it.

What has been written from the experience and observation of one teacher in one School could certainly be matched by many teachers in many Schools. All do not seek or obtain the same sort of response, but wherever the teacher offers the stimulus of personal enthusiasm, backed by a reserve of scholarship, never pressed to its limit by the demands of the class, there will be a reaction worthy of all the best tradition and of the highest ideals of the present time.

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A Protest

After reading the editorial on Caesar's Gallic War in THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 9.81-82, I am moved to record a dissenting vote. The decline of the Classics in modern education is due as much to the retention of Caesar and Cicero in their traditional place in the curriculum as to any other cause. The most valuable contribution of the so-called Direct Method is not the oral instruction but the introduction of readers or conversation books containing fresh and attractive material. Mere reiteration will never make me believe that Caesar and Cicero are spontaneously appealing to the average child.

How many of us classicists keep a copy of Caesar on our shelf of favorite books? And another leading question (this is an excellent practical test): how many of us find Caesar interesting in an English translation? Probably some one, in answer to these questions, will tell me how often he has forgotten the flight of time while absorbed in the perusal of Caesar, even as Pliny forgot the earthquake in his perusal of Livy; but I still insist that to extract the human interest from the Gallic War is a fine art known to few. Only a trained and mature mind, fully versed in the language of the Romans, can hope to glimpse the personality of the

superman, Julius Caesar. The *intellectual* thrill which we scholars feel when the crisp Latinity of Caesar permeates our cerebral processes is a matter of aesthetic appreciation. High School youngsters know it not. What they are after is simple human interest.

Another query: how many High School boys or teachers, for that matter, are addicted to modern military memoirs? Caesar may have written the world's greatest masterpiece in this field, but it is a dry field. Again I am speaking of the average person under average circumstances. Let us not scorn the simpler folk (young or old) who demand the stimulus of a broad portrayal of human nature in literature.

"The pupil should realize", says Professor Dennison, "that <Caesar's Gallic War> is a precious document of history". Ah! if the pupil only would! If the American boy or girl could only realize that *any* documents of history are precious, what a pleasant world this would be! And that brings me to the most important consideration of all: is the humanizing of Caesar worth the effort? Granted that a great teacher, with ample time at his disposal, with full equipment of pictures and charts, with a museum of Roman antiquities handy, can make Caesar interesting, how many teachers, I ask, *do* make Caesar interesting? 'How many teachers make *any* subject interesting', is the obvious retort, and the answer must be, 'Alas, too few'. But if we are candid with ourselves, we must acknowledge that some subjects of instruction are easier to make interesting than others, and even that some books are more human than others. If the Classics are to revive and flourish, our trend must be away from military Commentaries, away from history, away from politics, to pabulum better suited for immature minds. There must be more *stories*, more books like *Puer Romanus*, more of the Simplified Terence. Not even these books, of course, will relieve the teacher of the necessity of making an effort, but every ounce of effort will count. The question is not what interests *scholars*, but what interests *infants*.

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I was much interested in the editorial on the use of Caesar's Gallic War in the second year of the High School course. All that was said therein appealed greatly to me. Yet in reading it I had to ask myself these questions: Can the human interest, the vivid narrative, the dramatic development and a genuine appreciation of the story be brought home to pupils that have had but one year of Latin? Is it possible to do this at all adequately until the second year is almost at an end? Should we ourselves be interested in a story which we had to read in sections of from ten to forty lines a day, giving, for a large part of the year, to the study of the words and their relations a prominent, if not the most prominent, place in our study? Would not the whole story be a far more interesting and inspiring tale, if it should be read by pupils, if read at

all, later in the course, as is done so generally in the Schools of Europe?

I should be very glad to learn what others think about this, and to receive encouragement from those who can successfully deal with the Caesar problem as it faces us.

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WORDSWORTH'S TRANSLATION OF THE HARMODIUS HYMN

In his collection of modern renderings of the Harmodius and Aristogiton Hymn (THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 9.82-86), Dr. Mierow has not included the version by the poet Wordsworth, which might have been found at a glance with my Concordance under the name of either hero; but a classical scholar would be more likely to note the Wordsworthian lines in The Classical Review 15.82, where they were first published by Professor William Knight in February, 1901. Professor Knight calls this "the second of more attempts than one on <Wordsworth's> part to deal with the subject of Harmodius and Aristogiton", and ascribes it to "the first decade" of the nineteenth century. Mr. Nowell Smith, in his edition of The Poems of William Wordsworth, 3.586, says:

The verses are a fairly close, but somewhat expanded, translation of the well-known Athenian Scolion, or drinking song The first line should probably begin, 'I will bear'; the "and" represents nothing in the Greek. In line 16 "myrtle" should probably be 'myrtle's', as in line 2.

Wordsworth, however, as the Concordance shows, elsewhere writes "myrtle leaf", "myrtle groves", "myrtle wreaths", and "myrtle shores". Of an infelicity like "myrtle's boughs" he would not, I believe, be guilty twice within so few lines. One is therefore tempted to doubt the accuracy of Professor Knight's transcription in line 2, and, both here and in line 16, to read

With the myrtle boughs arrayed.

Yet I give the translation as it appears in the edition of Nowell Smith (3.442):

And I will bear my vengeful blade
With the myrtle's boughs arrayed,
As Harmodius before,
As Aristogiton bore,

When the tyrant's heart they gor'd
With the myrtle-braided sword,
Gave to triumph Freedom's cause,
Gave to Athens equal laws.

Where, unnumbered with the dead,
Dear Harmodius, art thou fled?
Athens sings 'tis thine to rest
In the islands of the blest,
Where Achilles swift of feet
And the brave Tydides meet.

I will bear my vengeful blade
With the myrtle boughs arrayed,
As Harmodius before,
As Aristogiton bore,
When in Athens' festal time
The tyrant felt their arm sublime.